

# OUR DUMB Animals

STATE LIBRARY OF MASSACHUSETTS

OCT 3 1955

STATE HOUSE, BOSTON



"S-S-SH! LET SLEEPING KITTENS LIE!"

Photo by Walter Chandoha



VOLUME 88 — No. 10

# Animals

OCTOBER, 1955

Founded by Geo. T. Angell, President, 1868 - 1909

Dr. Francis H. Rowley, President, 1910 - 1945

PUBLISHED BY THE

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS  
AND  
AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY

★

## Officers

DR. ERIC H. HANSEN, President  
WILLIAM A. SWALLOW, Secretary  
WILLIAM H. POTTER, JR., Treasurer—Exec. Vice-Pres., First Boston Corp.  
EUNICE C. PICKETT, Asst. Treasurer

★

ALBERT A. POLLARD  
Director of Education

GERRY B. SCHNELLE V.M.D.  
Director of Veterinary Medicine

PEABODY, BROWN, ROWLEY & STOREY, Counsel

★

## Trustee of Permanent Funds — Old Colony Trust Company INVESTMENT ADVISORY COMMITTEE

LLOYD D. BRACE, President, First National Bank of Boston  
WILLIAM H. POTTER, JR., Senior Vice-President, First Boston Corp.

★

J. ROBERT SMITH  
Asst. to the President

JOSEPH P. MOONEY  
Natl. Field Secretary

JOHN C. MACFARLANE  
Dir. Livestock Conservation

MARGARET J. KEARNS  
Dir. Public Relations

LESTER A. GILES, JR.  
Dir. Wild-Life Conservation

## Massachusetts S. P. C. A.

Prosecuting Officers in Boston  
Tel. (complaints, ambulances) LONGWOOD 6-6100

HERMAN N. DEAN, Chief Officer  
HOWARD WILLAND GERALD E. GRIFFIN  
DONALD H. HANSEN  
Middlesex, Norfolk & Suffolk Counties

## County Prosecuting Officers

JOHN T. BROWN, Wenham Essex  
HARRY C. SMITH, Worcester Worcester, Hampden,  
Hampshire, Franklin  
CHARLES E. BROWN, New Bedford Bristol and Plymouth  
HAROLD G. ANDREWS, Hyannis Barnstable  
WILLIAM D. JONES, D.V.M., Edgartown Dukes and Nantucket  
T. KING HASWELL, Pittsfield Berkshire, Hampden,  
Hampshire and Franklin

## Nevis Farm for Horses and Small Animal Shelter Methuen

JOSEPH E. HASWELL, Superintendent

## Other Small Animal Shelters of M. S. P. C. A.

Boston, 180 Longwood Avenue  
Boston, 109 Northampton Street  
Springfield, 53-57 Bliss Street  
Pittsfield, 224 Cheshire Road  
Hyannis, State Road Rte. 28, Centerville  
Wenham, Cherry Street  
Brockton, 226 Pearl Street  
Martha's Vineyard, Edgartown  
Nantucket, Atlantic Avenue

## Branches and Auxiliaries

Northampton Branch of Mass. S. P. C. A. — JOHN W. FORAN, Pres.; MRS. HUGH TATLOCK, Sec.

Martha's Vineyard Branch of Mass. S. P. C. A.—FOOTE Memorial—MISS KATHARINE CORNELL, Chairman.

Winchester Branch Auxiliary — MRS. HOWLAND NOYES, Pres.; MRS. JOHN H. CLARKE, Treas.

## American Humane Education Society ALBERT A. POLLARD, Director of Education

Educational Staff  
Mrs. Edward Bidwell Miss Lucia F. Gilbert

Rowley School of Human Understanding  
Oglethorpe University, Atlanta, Georgia

## Foreign Corresponding Representative

Dr. A. J. Castro Borrero ..... Colombia  
Luis Pareje Comejo ..... Ecuador  
S. C. Batra ..... India  
Mrs. Marie C. E. Houghton ..... Madeira  
Feridun Ozgur ..... Turkey

★

## Angell Memorial Animal Hospital and Dispensary for Animals

180 Longwood Avenue Boston, Mass.  
Tel. LONGWOOD 6-6100

## Veterinarians

GERRY B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D., Chief of Staff  
C. LAWRENCE BLAKELY, V.M.D., Dir. of Surgery  
TODD O. MUNSON, V.M.D.  
RUDOLPH H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D.  
DAVID L. COFFIN, V.M.D., Pathologist  
WILLIAM A. WILCOX, D.V.M.  
ELIZABETH A. FORTUNE, V.M.D.  
JEAN HOLZWORTH, D.V.M.  
MARGARET L. PETRAK, V.M.D.  
ROBERT C. GRIFFITHS, D.V.M.

Rowley Memorial Hospital and Shelter, Springfield  
Telephone 4-7353  
53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.  
CHARLENA B. KIBBE, Publicity

## Veterinarians

ALEX R. EVANS, V.M.D., Chief of Staff  
ROBERT L. LEIGHTON, V.M.D.  
WILLIAM E. ROY, D.V.M.  
JOSEPH M. STOYAK, V.M.D.

## Northampton Street Animal Clinic

RUDOLPH H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., Veterinarian in Charge  
Martha's Vineyard & Nantucket Clinics & Shelters  
WILLIAM D. JONES, D.V.M., Veterinarian in Charge

Editor — WILLIAM A. SWALLOW

Assistant Editor — MARLENE LASCHEVER

Circulation Mgr. — MARY C. RICHARDS

★

## SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Per year — \$1.50. Postage free to any part of the world. In clubs of five or more subscriptions, \$1.00 each, plus \$.25 postage for Canadian, and \$.50 postage for all other foreign subscriptions. Single copies, \$.15. Make checks payable to Our Dumb Animals.

★

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

## IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly typewritten, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

Payment on acceptance at the rate of one-half cent a word for articles; one dollar and up for photographs and drawings; one dollar and up for acceptable verse. No remuneration for material used on Children's Pages except by arrangement.

★

Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals at 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Massachusetts. Re-entered as second class matter, July 3, 1950, at the Post Office at Boston, Massachusetts, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized July 13, 1919.

---

## *Dr. Houthuis Comes to Boston*

**P**OSSIBLY you have never heard of Dr. Houthuis, and you may well wonder how the name is pronounced. The great man, himself, says that "hothouse" comes pretty close to being correct.

Our Massachusetts S. P. C. A. was proud, indeed, to have this wonderful humanitarian from Rotterdam, Holland, as our guest in August during his all too brief visit to this country — a trip which he made in behalf of The Netherlands government for the purpose of studying, in the United States, a new slaughterhouse system. We frankly don't know what we can show him in this country other than our great production skills, because Dr. Houthuis, as the director of the famous Rotterdam slaughterhouse, is a world famous leader in the field of humane slaughter.

Mr. John C. Macfarlane of our staff visited Dr. Houthuis' establishment this year, and he refers to it as the most humane slaughterhouse anywhere!

Dr. Houthuis is, however, much more than the director of a slaughterhouse. He is a great veterinarian, but, even more important, a renowned humanitarian. We know of no one who has impressed us more with his beautiful philosophy of life, his tremendous and devoted interest in animals, his thorough dislike for taking the lives of so many creatures — but doing it, nevertheless, because it is his duty, and doing it with complete humaneness. He uses the famed Elthar electro-stunning apparatus, and an entire unit of this humane device is now at our headquarters in Boston where Mr. Macfarlane will demonstrate it to anyone interested.

At a reception held in Boston in his honor, prominent government officials, veterinarians, humane society officials and members enthusiastically applauded this "Dr. Schweitzer of Holland." It was an experience which those who attended will never forget, because they knew they had met one of the great and gentle humanitarians of our day.

E. H. H.

See story and pictures on page 14.

---



# Court Trials for Animals

By Leona Meals

**K**INDNESS to animals is steeped in history. Because God gave them covenant in the Ark, the church took various measures to protect all animals.

St. Francis of Assisi, who lived around 1200 A.D., preached and practiced kindness to animals. Tranquilly he tamed the wild wolf. The wild turtle-doves became domesticated of their own accord, just to stay near the man who had befriended them.

As late as the 18th century the church took an active part in defending offending animals in an ecclesiastical court. Many laws and proclamations were written concerning these animals. Animal trials involved much expense, time and ceremony.

If a person brought charges against an animal, first of all a committee was appointed to verify the charges. Then a lawyer was appointed to defend the culprit. A court official read the summons three times aloud in the vicinity where the offending animal was known to prowl. If the animal failed to appear in court, a decree was issued against him, banishing him from the neighborhood. This, too, was read aloud on the streets.

Some lawyers employed the greatest skill and wit to win the case for their clients. One of the strangest animal trials on record took place in a small town of France, in the 15th century.

The citizens were greatly plagued by rats and they wished to be rid of them. A summons was read in due time, ordering all rats to appear in court on a certain day. The day arrived, but the rats failed to appear. Their lawyer came to their defense, saying that his clients were afraid of prowling cats. Since a court summons guaranteed protection to the summoned parties, the lawyer asked that the owners of cats promise that their cats would not molest his clients if another day for the trial would be set. The people were asked to post bond to that effect. They refused the ridiculous demand and the suit was dismissed.

Animal trials are still being held today in our courts, but without benefit of the clergy. Modern animal culprits are usually dogs. Their crime consists mostly of chasing the neighbor's chickens or cat, or biting the mailman, two things that are very hard to resist for our sport-minded canine friends.

Lawyers of today are as skilled in defending animal clients as were the lawyers of olden days. Almost every time the case ends with the dog being released into his owner's custody. The chief difference between animal trials of today and the days of old is that the owners have to bear the court costs and fines imposed by the court.

## Too True, Comrade

By Farley Manning

**O**NE morning at Croyden Airport near London, a plane landed from Moscow and out stepped a gorgeous Russian Wolfhound. Sleek and lady-like, she was the picture of feminine canine pulchritude.

A massive, rough and ready English Bulldog, gazed on her approvingly and decided to become acquainted with this charming lady from behind the iron curtain. Fortunately the Wolfhound spoke English, and the two struck up a conversation. She inquired about conditions in England and he frankly told her that things were still a bit rough. The austerity program had not been completely lifted, he said, and he'd give anything for a good, square meal.

"Oh," she said, "in Russia everything is wonderful. I have my own living quarters in the Kremlin. I eat the best of food. I am groomed and exercised regularly. My masters are very kind and I live a life of luxury."

"Well, if things are so fine in Russia," the Bulldog asked, "why didn't you stay there?"

The Wolfhound looked furtively about and speaking in a low voice, she said, "Everything I said about Russia is true. I live like a queen." Then, leaning closer to the Bulldog's wrinkled face, she whispered, "But to tell the truth, Comrade, even a Wolfhound like me likes to get away from it all so that I can let out a good, big BARK."

## "Sleepy" Makes Good

By Elizabeth Shaler

**S**LEEPY, a little toy shepherd, who was banished from the Colorado mountain town of Woodland Park for biting a boy, is no longer in disgrace. Instead, she is a heroine—for Sleepy saved her master's life recently at the feed and grain company where he works.

When authorities at Woodland Park said that Sleepy should be destroyed after the biting incident, her master, Bill Robinson, asked if he might not take her to nearby Colorado Springs, instead. There the little dog stayed at the feed and grain company where Robinson works, acting as watch dog.

One day recently, Robinson went to the lot where heavy sacks of grain are piled ten feet high. He began pulling on a sack when the whole pile gave way suddenly and toppled over on him. In trying to escape, Bill became entangled in a tarpaulin which prevented him from moving and the pile of heavy sacks pinned him down and deadened his calls for help.

But Sleepy heard her master and raced to the scene. Frantically, she began trying to dig her way in to Robinson. She could not, of course, but Robinson ordered, "Sleepy- Go get help!" The little dog dashed away. She raced to an area close by where Robert Ferguson, age twelve, son of the owner of the feed company, and his friend Jimmy Hathaway, also twelve, were playing. Sleepy tugged at Robert's trouser leg, then ran toward the pile of feed sacks. The boys followed her to the scene.

They could not lift the heavy sacks off Robinson, so they hurried across the street and enlisted the help of Marlin Carver. In a short time Robinson emerged from what might well have proved death by suffocation.

Bill suffered possible rib fractures and a badly bruised back and chest, but was otherwise all right after his ordeal. And Sleepy, who has been on probation for her misbehavior, is no longer in disgrace. In fact, everyone in the Pikes Peak region is mighty proud of her.

A good friend of our Society would like to give a wonderful home to a Newfoundland, not less than three nor more than four years old, weighing about 175 pounds. Please write us if you know of such a dog.



—Photo by Jon D. Dodds

# Hallow Eve Cat

by *Ida M.  
Pardue*

**a typical Hallowe'en cat,  
who could imagine  
this friendly member  
of the feline family  
as consorting  
with evil spirits?**

**D**URING the Hallowe'en season the cat is the most important creature in the land.

Felines with arched backs, distended claws, and yellow eyes gleam at us from magazine covers. Cats snipped from black paper provide the chief motif for party decorations. Children wear "cat" costumes or masks. And everyone knows that on the eve of October 31, cats can fly—that is, on the broomsticks of the Hallowe'en witches.

How did poor pussy ever get into such a fix? The idea has been building up for ages. It is an offshoot of the reverence once paid to cats by many peoples—a reverence that made the kitty an object to be feared and avoided as much as honored.

In all religions where some animal has been held sacred, the harming of such a creature has, of course, been regarded as a criminal offense. Suppose you had lived in ancient Egypt. With what superstitious dread you would have regarded any stray cat encountered at night, when the peculiar dilation and contraction of the animal's eyes so plain-

ly showed its kinship to Isis, the moon, whose light waxed and waned in the same manner. Would you have felt entirely at ease in the presence of a cat, when accidentally to step on its toe could mean your death sentence?

The Romans had a healthy respect for the cat, too. To them it symbolized freedom, since it was the pet of their goddess of liberty, who was always sketched with a cat sprawled comfortably against her feet.

But it was the Germanic peoples who endowed the cat with its "scary" reputation. The Germans believed so completely in witches that they had a yearly festival in honor of the crones. May 1 was celebrated as Walpurgis Night, the date when witches from all over the world flew to Germany on broomsticks, accompanied by black cats, for a tete-a-tete with their chief, Satan. Thus, the cat, Satan, and the witch became a fearsome trio, and the frightened whisperings of their deeds started the gossip that built up the reputation of the Hallowe'en cat.

By the Medieval ages, the kitty had

become, not merely an associate of Satan, but a personification of the Prince of Darkness, himself. To our Medieval ancestors, Satan was very real, and everyone knew of his power to change into an animal, and that his favorite shape was that of a black cat.

When the Feast of All Saints was originated to replace Walpurgis Night, and later moved from May 1 to October 31, many of the customs of the former rites disappeared. But the cat and the witch refused to abdicate.

Time has changed the character of both a great deal. We make fun of the witch, and the fear of the cat has changed to fondness, for who can imagine Hallowe'en without its prime motif—the "spittin' image" of a cat?



## Veteran Sea Dog

By W. J. Banks

WHEN the Canadian destroyer docked at a British Columbia port after long, weary months on duty for the United Nations in Korean waters, all but one of the crew disembarked eagerly for an extended, well-earned shore leave. The exception—Leading Wren Alice, mongrel mascot of HMCS *Cayuga*, who took a dim view of the landlubber interlude. The law of the land required her to spend it in quarantine at a veterinary hospital. Not since she had been picked up on the wharf at Guam by a sailor of the Korea-bound warship ten months previously—very small, very hungry and very lonesome—had Alice known any other life but that of a fighting ship at sea.

Her special pal, Leading Seaman Jim Tyre, visited the veterinarians as often as he could during his leave, on this occasion taking with him an outsized bone. Frantic with joy at seeing the sailor, Alice gave only perfunctory attention to the bone, then did her best to lick every square inch of his face. Occasionally she whimpered plaintively, as if to say, "Please, pal, take me back to the ship!"

Again the destroyer sailed for the East, and Alice, if no one else, rejoiced. Another long turn of duty finally came to an end, and once again the mascot, now promoted to the rank of Petty Officer Wren, went into quarantine. After three months had proved that the dog suffered no ailment likely to threaten the health of Canadian canines, she was released—but this time did not return to Korean waters. Also promoted, Petty Officer Tyre had earned an assignment to shore duty, and so Alice, a trifle bewildered but content, took up residence with Jim and his wife, Betty, at their home in Victoria. The normal duties and privileges of dry-land dogs—chasing cats, burying bones in the flowerbed, and such like, are all new to her. But like all good sailors, Alice learns fast.

## Teamwork Does It

By Wallace M. Depew

TEAMWORK and brotherhood are practiced by our furred and feathered friends, especially when help is most needed. Many a time in the mountains I have watched wild life, animals and also birds, helping each other in some emergency.

Only recently, in the city, I saw a large dog pick up a small dog from the roadway, where it had been struck by a car, and carry it out of the danger of traffic to the safety of the sidewalk. Luckily, it had been only stunned and within a short time the two dogs romped away.

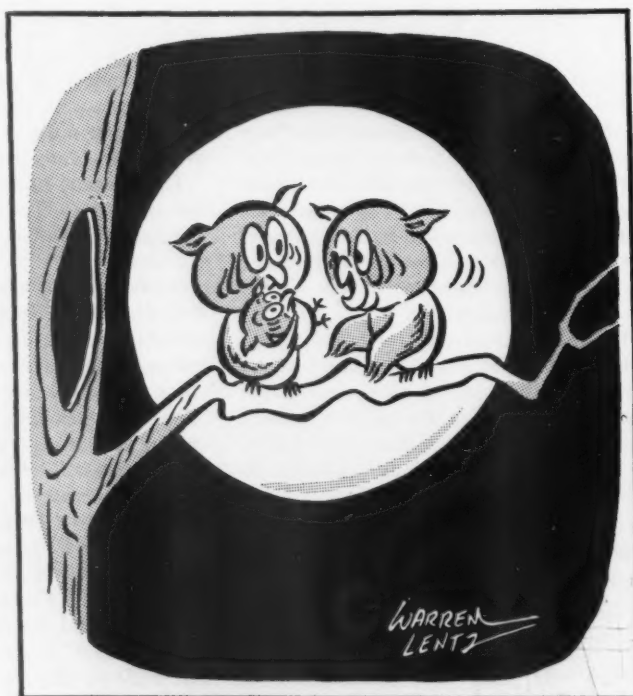
On a farm at Hudro, Oklahoma, a blind lamb is guided step-by-step by a "seeing-eye" duck. The duck quacks and the lamb follows.

In my garden I saw a robin feeding another robin under a large tomato plant. The robin being administered to had an injured wing, but two days later it was flying around again.

At a lake side I saw a beaver trapped in a most peculiar way under a large limb, but another beaver, after much hard work, released his mate finally.

Then there is this story. A housewife at Plainville, Connecticut, was annoyed by a mouse in her kitchen. She placed the cat there. What happened? When she looked in the kitchen, she saw the cat sharing a saucer of milk with the mouse.

The high point in team work was observed on a day when it was hot enough in Brooklyn to wilt that famous tree. But at least two Brooklynites had no complaints. They solved the problem of irrigating their canine tonsils with draughts of nice, cold water from a drinking fountain at a playground. The fountain, itself, was too high to be reached in the ordinary manner, but first one dog and then the other would stand still while his companion stood on his back to quench his thirst.



"Come now, say 'who' for Daddy!"

OUR DUMB ANIMALS



IT was that time again. Out in the barn, Calico, the cat, was delivering her litter of kittens, while on the back porch, Sheila, the setter, was introducing her family to the light of day.

To the ladies, the process of motherhood is a routine experience, but to Mr. Blue, the miracle of multiplication is astounding and forever new.

Like a fusty grandparent, he trotted from porch to barn and back again, infuriating mothers and children with his well-meant attentions. Each pup and kitten had to be rolled over, examined, licked and prodded.

At first, the mothers were too busy getting their youngsters born and settled to do more than growl or hiss at him. But when the ordeal was over and the ladies were rested, Sheila, especially, made him understand that her children were none of his concern, and that he'd get his long nose nipped if he didn't keep it out of her affairs.

Calico, being of a less determined nature, finally capitulated to his attentions, permitting him to nuzzle her brood, even carry them to a nest of his own choosing. But even as he alienated the kitten's affections, it was plain to see that the young cats were his second choice. More than anything else in the world, he wanted Sheila's puppies; what was more, he meant to have them. . . .

To lure Sheila away, he plied every artifice in his bag of tricks. He would dash out, barking at an imaginary caller, or he'd pretend discovery of mice in the broom closet. All this, and still Sheila remained at her post, smug in her resistance to temptation.

That the pups were constantly on his mind was evidenced by Mr. Blue's change of habits. He had absolutely no time for Pumpkin, the cat, or for his constant shadow, Charlie, the duck. His only exercise was from house to barn and if a pup whined while he was eating, he left his plate to enquire into the trouble. No doubt about it, if ever an animal suffered frustration, that animal was Mr. Blue.

And then, one day, when the pups were two weeks old, he got an idea. Walking importantly past Sheila, he went to the barn. When he returned a few minutes later, he carried one of Calico's kittens in his mouth. Gently, he lay it on his bed and with a warning growl which seemed to say, "Handle at your own risk," he went out a second time.

Some minutes later, all five kittens were swarming over his bed, with Mr. Blue on the floor, shoving them back when they strayed from the blanket. Sheila, who believes in animal segregation—cats in the barn, dogs in the house, was bitterly resentful of the intrusion of cats in her domain. Five lowly kittens breathing the same air as her precious pups was a situation not to be tolerated. No two ways about it—the kittens must go!

Slowly she got up and with muscles tense, approached Mr. Blue's wards. Mr. Blue also got up and stood over the kittens, legs spread, teeth bared, daring her to touch his darlings.

At this warning growl, Sheila stopped, pondered the situation, then took a tentative step forward. Mr. Blue also advanced. Presently, they were standing nose to nose, quivering their lips at one another. In another moment fur would fly.

"Stop it, you heathens!" I shouted over their snarls. "There's enough room on this farm for all you animals. Now back to your pups, Sheila, and you, Mr. Blue, take the kittens to the barn where they belong."

# "Mr. Blue's" Mother Instinct

by Ina Louez Morris



Shorty spelled "trouble" for Mr. Blue from the beginning.

Naturally, Mr. Blue pretended not to understand, so it was up to me to return the borrowed kittens to their mother. Deprived of his adopted family, Mr. Blue looked so heartbroken that I weakened and, selecting my favorite pup, placed it between his paws. Sheila glared and growled, but with me on Mr. Blue's side, she apparently thought it wiser not to interfere.

All but one of the pups are gone now—each the pampered pet of a happy youngster. But Shorty, Mr. Blue's protege and delight, will probably be with us as long as he lives.

## Drought Dodgers

By Ada Dupre

CAMELS can go for a long time, if necessary, without slacking their thirst, but other creatures must have water regularly and so have developed ingenious methods of getting it even during dry spells.

In one of our good neighbor countries, Venezuela, instinct and tough hoofs take care of the mules whose drinking places have vanished with the sun. Instinct leads the thirsty animals to the melo-cactus, a plant which hides behind a forbidding armor of barbed thorns a precious treasure—water. The sprinkly spikes look vicious, and they are. One of them can inflict a cruel cut and even cripple a careless animal. The mule is often called clumsy and stupid, but neither of these qualities is apparent as he lifts hoofs and scrapes away the sharp needles so as to safely kick a hole in the stalk and get a drink.

It is, however, the dorads, or mailed catfish of the Orinoco River, who really go out of their way to obtain water. When drought begins to suck the streams dry, these fish actually leave and cross land to other bodies of water. They travel only at night, when the heat of the day has somewhat abated, and, if necessary, they can burrow and exist in the damp mud of a river bank or meadow.

This remarkable ability to live out of water was clarified recently when a fish expert explained that fish die from the exertion of their struggles and not from suffocation. Apparently the dorads do not struggle and are thus able to live for a time in the open air.

In Africa, there are great colonies of white ants, who simply do as man does when he is after water—they dig wells. One such shaft was studied and found to penetrate sixty-five feet into the earth before water was reached. A labor battalion of the wee insects transported the liquid, drop by tiny drop, to the ant village high above.

WHAT is the difference between a flea and an elephant?" "I don't know. What is the difference?"

"Why, an elephant can have fleas, but a flea can't have elephants."

"Elementary, my dear Watson. Eh, wot?"

## Dog Messengers

By Enola Chamberlin

DORSEY, the collie dog who carried the mail across the hills in southern California during the silver rush days, isn't the only famed dog messenger any more. Two sisters in Kentucky have dog mail and messenger and package service the same as the two brothers had between Calico and Bismarck. However, where the Kentucky dog mail service covers less than a mile and the mail and messages belong to the sisters only, Dorsey made a six mile round trip every day with sealed United States mail bags strapped to his back. But the results are the same.

Mrs. Emma Dawson and her sister, Amanda DeHart, live on opposite sides of a steep ridge. Both of the women, alone now, and past their youth, find that crossing this ridge very often is too much of a strain on their strength. And Mrs. Dawson, who lives across the ridge from the town needed things oftener than she could go after them. So, she started training Sprig, her dog, to make the trips for her. Since he knew Amanda, knew her name and where she lived, it did not take Mrs. Dawson long to get him to understand what "Amanda. Go," meant. And the message tied to his neck explained his first visit. Amanda did not need to send him home. Once she had tied her message to him, he was off. That was, at first. Now he is more leisurely about the whole thing, perhaps because Amanda kept him quite often while she went to the drug or grocery store or post office for Mrs. Dawson.

Accepting this waiting business, Sprig arrives at Amanda's house each morning, stays until sundown and then takes off on a run over the ridge for Mrs. Dawson and home. Besides saving Amanda worry over her sister, since they have no telephones, and saving both women unnecessary trips up and down the sandstone cliffs, Sprig has become a happier dog, himself. He seems to sense that he is doing something of account because he is so eager to start his trip in the morning and so eager to begin the return one at night.

Perhaps the good things to eat, that Sprig receives at each end of the trip, has something to do with his eagerness to be of service, but surely this does not detract from his value to his joint mistresses.

## Puppy Leads Dog's Life

By Laurence C. Smith

*I speak for my food, roll over, play dead—*

*I've carried back dozens of sticks.  
It's really a strenuous life that is led  
By the new dog that's learning old tricks.*

## Watch Dogs

By Farley Manning

DOG breeders and trainers are often asked, "What kind of dog makes the best watch dog?" You are likely to get a variety of answers to the question, but many trainers will say, "Any kind." The fact is, that while certain types of breeds of dogs seem to have a better developed protective instinct than others, wonderful watch dogs are found among all kinds of dogs.

A New York City detective was asked the question recently, and he said his experience in investigating burglaries convinced him that "the small, yappy dogs" are the best guardians of house and home. He admitted that they couldn't tear into a burglar and hold him the way a large, well-trained dog might do, but that they are quick to bark if they sense strangers near their homes. Usually this warning is sufficient to scare off any prowler and that, after all, is the main function of any watch dog.

A dog trainer, speaking on the subject said that he insists that his pupils learn to bark on command. This is particularly useful, he said, if the lady of the house is often home alone at night. It's reassuring to know that should you hear strange noises outside, or even think you hear them, a simple command will produce a good, warning round of barks from your dog. The trainer always adds, however, that it's just as important to teach your dog to stop barking when you want him to, for a constantly barking dog can be a nuisance to both his owners and their neighbors. The first thing he must learn in that respect is to stop whatever he is doing when his owner gives the firm command, "No."

There's no doubt about it, a dog doesn't have to be a big, rugged fellow to safeguard your home and children. Good things come in small packages, and watch dogs are no exception.





*Laddie, king of collies, surveys his far-flung domain.*

# "Laddie," Son of "Lassie"

*By Lottie E. Vacha*

**O**UT in California, in the famed San Fernando Valley, lives a collie by the name of Laddie Son of Lassie. His coat is the color of a new copper penny, a red gold, that defies description. His ruff is pure white as are all four feet and the tip of his tail.

Even while he was still a puppy, many people told us that Laddie was the most perfectly marked collie they had ever seen. We, on our part, did not think much about it until we began to observe other collies more closely. Then we realized that perhaps Laddie was a bit out of the ordinary.

Being very photogenic, we have taken any number of pictures of Laddie and, if there is anything he seems to like, at any time or any place, it is posing for his picture. All you have to do is pick up a camera, point it toward him and he will strike a pose immediately—and they are usually outstanding.

While looking over some snapshots one day, we noticed in a great number of them that Laddie appeared to be wearing two pairs of white boots. This is because the markings on all four feet are perfect. They actually appear to have grown from a pattern.

Laddie, who was born during the war, was named the G. I. Pin-Up Pup, because of the fact that hundreds of servicemen carried his picture. The pictures were distributed by the U. S. O., the Red Cross and other service clubs and canteens. Requests for pictures of Laddie came in the mail almost daily and naturally we were only too happy to send them to the men in service. They were sent out, time after time, to army camps and air fields, both here in this country and overseas. In time, we lost track of the number we had printed, but they ran into the thousands.

Laddie appeared several times for the benefit of our servicemen and received a beautiful ribbon when he was a guest at the Sawtell Veteran's Hospital in California.

Many questions are asked concerning Laddie. I believe the one asked most often is, "Is Laddie related to Lassie of motion picture fame?" The answer is that Lassie is Laddie's father. We are quite proud of this fact because we believe that Lassie is the greatest collie of all time. Lassie, of course, is a male dog, whose name was actually Pal be-

fore he embarked on his movie career. Being the son of such an illustrious father, Laddie is a very unusual dog in many ways and has an exceptionally high I. Q.

During the war, he received gifts from nearly every country in the world—hand made lockets and identification tags, some engraved with his name, and every conceivable kind of collar, plain, studded, beaded and braided, most of them being hand made.

Several young men wrote to us, telling all about their own dogs, whom they had left behind when the call came to join our fighting forces. Many of these servicemen have since married and have visited California with their families, bringing them out to the valley to see Laddie Son of Lassie. Invariably they tell us they now have dogs of their own. The kind of dogs they acquire, I think almost anyone could guess. A collie, of course. And the name you must have guessed also—yes, it's Laddie.

We still receive letters and cards, especially at Christmastime, when they all seem to like to remember their pin-up pal of the war days.



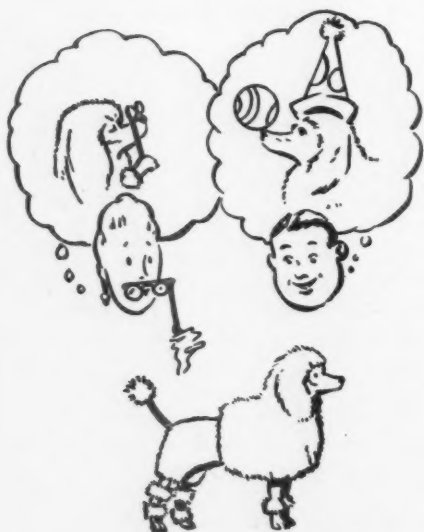
There is a dog to fit every personality and not surprisingly the survey showed that people even in physical

# Dogs Are as Y

By Far



One candid young lady admitted that she owned a dog because it helped her meet eligible young men.



Dogs seem to take on the temperaments that their owners expect. With those who consider them gay clowns, they are gay clowns. With those who expect them to be reserved, they can be cold as ice.

## WHY do people own dogs?

In a recent survey owners said that their dogs offer outlets for affection, relieve loneliness, and give companionship. Other statements were that canine pets help entertain visitors, offer protection, serve as a conversation piece. One candid young lady even admitted that she found owning a dog was a handy way to meet eligible young men.

Several hundred members of dog owning families gave these answers during exhaustive interviews in a study made through questionnaires designed to reveal not only what people fed their dogs and why, but also the facts about people's relationships to their canine pets.

The affection motive was usually the first mentioned in interviews. It showed that people like dogs because they are good company. And the survey proved that this canine characteristic appealed especially to women.

"It's a comfort to have a dog!" "You never feel alone when you have a dog." "I just like Sandy to talk to." These were typical comments.

The belief of some psychologists that

dog owners often buy a dog merely to have something to satisfy their ego and over which they can assert their mastery gets no confirmation from this study. The opinion of the pets themselves is unavailable, but it's the other way around—if anything.

The few questioned, who complained about their dogs being a nuisance, actually revealed nothing more than that they really derived satisfaction from being good providers for their dogs. And it's a safe guess that the fact is no secret to their pets.

Because all dogs have at least the potential ability to use their bark, their bulk or their bite in an aggressive manner, their owners get a vicarious thrill from having them about. People seldom came right out and said so, but the survey showed that many people secretly admire their dogs' spirit. And although the majority are quite satisfied to have their pets confine the aggressive side of their nature to barking when strangers approach the house, they like it better if the stranger is a little bit scared.

The analysts who went over the findings of the survey discovered other



ed that people tend to pick dogs that are a little bit like themselves in temperament and sometimes in physical characteristics.

# as You Like Them

By Farley Manning

things. Every dog owner, it seems, feels that he or she is the model owner. He often disapproves of the way his neighbor cares for his dog, but it never occurs to him that the neighbor very likely feels the same way about him.

The study showed, too, that people are inclined to own the kind of dogs who reflect their character, or at least their personality. This isn't to say that Jimmy Durante would prefer a dog with a long nose, or that Marilyn Monroe chooses a blonde one. But those who regard the poodle as a proud animal, appear to have that kind of poodle. On the other hand, those who consider the poodle the gay clown of dogdom, find that this particular breed plays the role to perfection. People inclined to be aggressive, may wind up with a German shepherd; but others who are a bit timid may choose the same dog for his sensitiveness and his loyalty.

So, whether the dog adapts himself to the demands of his owner or the owner molds the dog into the animal he wants, is a question the survey doesn't answer.

Since dogs don't appreciate Christmas presents and get no pleasure from

jewelry under normal circumstances, there isn't much people can do for a dog except feed him well.

And what did the survey find out about feeding? Well, it was found that people feed dogs just about everything under the sun, ranging through freshly squeezed orange juice, vitamins, three minute eggs, potatoes and steak. But it was also found that more people than ever before are feeding the better grades of meal or canned dog foods.

In all, about 37 different kinds of dogs were found as the favored pets, which proves that choosing a dog is rather like choosing a mate. Its desirability is in the eyes, or hearts, of the beholder.

The survey, if it proved anything at all, showed that all kinds of people like all kinds of dogs. And, until a survey is taken of the dogs, it can be assumed that the reverse is also true. In fact, Maurice Maeterlinck is authority for the statement that, "The dog who meets with a good master is the happier of the two."

On this point, the survey has no evidence one way or the other.



The one missing link in the survey was its failure to find out what the dogs thought of their owners.



Hardly anyone wants a really bad dog, but many can't help being pleased if other people tremble a little in the presence of their pets. He admires his dog's spirit, but only to the barking stage.





*The Woodcock is an expert in camouflage.*

## Bird Camouflage

**D**O you know why the female species of so many kinds of birds wear a very plain dress while the male is gaudily feathered—why the scarlet tanager is so flashy that he is often called the “fire-bird,” while his mate is a modest creature in olive green; why the female species of the black-birds, the grosbeaks, the indigo-birds and others are soberly dressed, while the male flaunts gay colors?

This form of camouflage among birds is an interesting example of the manner in which Nature safeguards them from their foes. The gay feathers of the families can take care of themselves pretty well, for they are free to fight or flee when danger threatens; but the mothers must sit steadily on their nests, where they would quickly be seen and pounced on were they wearing bright colors.

The mottled back of the killdeer, whose nest lies on the open ground, blends so well with the earth and weeds about

her that she usually escapes notice, and even her brown eggs are all but invisible when exposed by her absence. The grass-frequenting sparrows are streaked dark brown and buff or grey, like the dry grass in fields; the bitterns are more broadly striped, like the cat-tails and sedges of the marshes; the grouse and woodcock are mottled brown and buff, like the dead leaves of the forest floor, and many others are colored to protect them from dangerous enemies.

In several species of our feathered friends, black and white marks are placed close together that seem to break up the bird into several pieces, thus destroying its continuity. These are found in the black bands across the white breast of the killdeer, and the white ring around his neck. This also applies to the band around the neck of the kingfisher and the mallard duck.

—Grace Brooks Popkins

## Morning Song

*The meadowlark waylays the dawn  
With notes of liquid eloquence,  
His music intricately drawn  
Upon a staff of field and fence.*

*His song unrolls like ribbon, hued  
In Dresden shades that blend and flow;  
He tosses it in joyful mood  
And ties it in a tuneful bow.*

By Marjorie Hunt Pettit

## Wings

By Max Robin

**T**HE patrolman was in a quandary about some object he had picked up and was examining as we approached.

“Baby pigeon,” he said in answer to my wife’s curiosity. “Must have fallen off the roof.”

We carried the young one home and fixed a nest for it in a shoe box. Its condition, after several days, left us with no alternative other than to contact the S. P. C. A.

But that last morning, we took the fledgling up on the roof; and there, suddenly, he revived! He pecked up several pebbles in alarmingly quick succession; and by the time the S. P. C. A. car was parked outside our door we had obtained a supply of seeds and gravel for our feathered ward.

Increasing signs of animation continued to reward our efforts; the homer chirped, and he moved his wings hopefully. In another week he could stand on one leg; the other was permanently rigid at the knee. But he could fly!

We lifted him to the back of a chair where he sat looking out of the window. A plateful of water, placed on the floor, lured our bird over for his first bath.

But our bird started to be restless. There was no keeping him in his house except over night. With trepidation we finally opened the window for him. His bewilderment was phenomenal—an unguided interlude of initial adjustment to a world that was his home. He took off spontaneously—flew across the street and settled on the ledge of a vacant apartment. For hours he imbibed the sun and wind. When he flew away it was to join a flock of pigeons on a neighboring roof.

With pride we saw him hold his own—a fledgling monarch, refusing, crippled though he was, to be intimidated by the other full-grown males. Would he come back to us for the night. We had left the window open, and sure enough, toward sunset our pigeon returned; waited outside cautiously and then hopped inside.

Every morning our bird flew away for the day and in the evening he returned, tired and hungry. It was a matter of speculation whether this would keep up. And one day our pigeon did not return.

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

## Friendly Dog

By Vincent Argondezzi

THE expression, born to be a friend to man, really belong to my dog, Prince.

A great mongrel dog, he had so many different blood strains that it would be impossible to state his origin. He possessed one fine quality of a champion. He was a true friend, loyal and devoted. All the people in our neighborhood loved him. Though he was a big dog, his manner was gentle and his disposition so good that, as my stepfather said, "If we don't watch him closely someone will steal his tail."

Thus, one day we viewed with alarm a woman who got out of a car and walked up the fence with a leash in her hand. Prince, the good-will ambassador, ran to the fence to get a few caresses. Suddenly, the woman opened the gate, entered the yard and clamped the leash hook to Prince's collar. We waited no longer. We ran out of the house and challenged her. She claimed Prince was hers. We contested this claim vigorously, both my stepfather and myself, and we received ample support from the neighbors.

The woman backed off, after promising that we would hear more from her later. We did. We had to appear before a magistrate and prove that Prince was really our dog.

She had an imposing array of witnesses, all of whom claimed that they had been down to see Prince and were sure that dog belonged to the woman. We, in turn, had our neighbors who testified that they had watched Prince grow up from puppyhood.

"Both sides have strong cases," said the magistrate. "There's only one way to decide this case. You," he said, pointing to the woman, "base your claim on the fact that the dog was willing to go with you."

Then he turned to me. "You," he stated, "contend that the dog is very friendly and will go to anyone. Bring the dog here and if he is friendly and goes to anyone, I'll award the dog to Argondezzi," and he pointed to me.

We brought the dog to the trial room and unleashed him at the door. He never hesitated a second but leaped over the desk and showered the magistrate with affectionate dog kisses.

"Quick, Argondezzi," he yelled at me, "He is a very friendly dog," he said, while mopping his face. "I award this dog to you."

## The Traveler

By Dorothy Jennison

NO doubt a large majority of you are familiar with the problems that confront one when traveling with a dog, but how many of you have traveled any great distance with a cat? Actually, I think it's easier to take a cat on a motor trip than it is to take a dog. For instance, I've never once had a hotel manager object to us having a cat.

The important thing is that your cat should be used to wearing a collar and leash. When Puddy was a little kitten—she is now four years old—we bought her a collar. She didn't object to the collar then as she would have if we'd waited until she was older and then tried to get her used to one. Of course, if you let your cat run loose, the collar should be large enough so it will slip off her neck if she gets caught on anything.

When our cat was about four months old she traveled from New Jersey to Massachusetts and back again with us. She made several more such trips be-

fore she was two years old.

At that age she became a truly seasoned traveler by riding from Massachusetts to Texas and return. We took along a supply of her favorite cat food and some small cans of evaporated milk (which she always drinks). Each night we stopped at a motel. In the morning when we had breakfast we ordered a three-minute egg for Puddy. Of course, we took along her sanitary pan and a bag of Kitty Litter.

When we're riding, Puddy spends most of the time asleep on my lap, breaking the monotony by occasional spells of looking out the window. I keep her leash on her at all times in the car as she might get feeling extra affectionate and decide to rub her head on my husband's ankles while he's driving.

Puddy has never been car sick and has no fear of the traffic as long as she's safely inside her own car. To my way of thinking, Puddy is an ideal traveler.



Traveling certainly agrees with Puddy.



*Dr. Houthuis lays a spray of flowers before the plaque of Dr. Francis H. Rowley—a tribute to a great man who labored constantly to alleviate "The Great Cruelty" from another great man who has followed these precepts in his own country.*

## In His Honor



*(Left to right) Joseph P. Mooney, J. Robert Smith, William A. Swallow, Dr. Gerry B. Schnelle, Dr. M. J. J. Houthuis, Miss Muriel Alvord, John C. Macfarlane and Dr. Eric H. Hansen exchange pleasantries before the reception.*

**H**ONORING Dr. M. J. J. Houthuis (see page 3) a reception was held to mark Dr. Houthuis' recent trip to America and his visit to our Society.

Attending the reception were Miss Muriel Alvord, Honorary Vice-President and good friend of the Society and members of the staff: President Eric H. Hansen, William A. Swallow, J. Robert Smith, John C. Macfarlane, Joseph P. Mooney, Robert Mooney, Herman N. Dean—and from our Angell Memorial Hospital: Dr. Gerry B. Schnelle, Dr. C. Lawrence Blakely, Dr. David L. Coffin, Dr. Hans Meier.

Also present were Dr. Charles Devarennes, President, Massachusetts Veterinary Association; Dr. William Shannon, Chief Veterinary Officer for the Commonwealth of Massachusetts; Dr. Sidney W. Stiles, President, New England Veterinary Association; Theodore K. Hebert, Dutch Consul; Carlton E. Buttrick, President, Animal Rescue League of Boston; Earl Wentzel, Animal



*Dr. Hansen presents the guest of honor the Society's gold medal.*

Rescue League of Boston; Warren W. McSpadden, General Manager, American S. P. C. A.; Aled Davies, American Meat Institute; Harold Morris, New England Dressed Meat and Wool; Chester

D. Black, Brighton Stockyards; State Representative William Morton; Dr. Raymond B. Larcom, President, Maine State Veterinary Association; and Charles Shelnut, Deputy Commissioner of Agriculture, Massachusetts.

Dr. Hansen introduced all those present and then called upon Mr. Hebert who, as Consul, welcomed Dr. Houthuis to this country. Following Mr. Hebert Representative Morton brought greetings from Governor Herter, Mr. Davies promised the cooperation of the American Meat Institute and then Mr. Macfarlane introduced Dr. Houthuis who spoke briefly concerning his work in Amsterdam as Director of the municipal slaughterhouse and the studies he hoped to make while in this country.

The meeting ended on a note of optimism and a rising ovation in tribute to the great humanitarian from The Netherlands who has accomplished so much in reducing the suffering of food animals.



*(Left to right) John C. Macfarlane, Dr. Houthuis, Aled Davies and President Hansen discuss the Doctor's itinerary.*



*Dr. Houthuis, Dr. Hansen and Mr. Macfarlane discuss various stunning devices now in current use.*



*(Left to right) Dr. Hansen, Mr. Hebert, Representative Morton and Mr. Macfarlane listen to an amusing incident told by Dr. Houthuis (center).*



## Thank You

*The following letter addressed to one of our doctors gave us all a feeling of real achievement and encouragement—Editor.*

"I am a Catholic Priest, engaged at the moment in the heavy schedule of giving a Retreat to other priests of Stone Hill College in North Easton. In spite of the pressure of duties, I feel impelled to express to you, the nurse and all at Angell Memorial Hospital, my deep gratitude for your work over our poor little, grey tiger cat, Skipper, early last Sunday morning.

"The poor little thing was just an ordinary kitten, which we had adopted some six years ago. It was a clean cat, a cute little thing that wrapped itself around our hearts.

"It was always in some sort of sickness or trouble—you had cared for a broken leg—we had taken it many times to a nearby veterinarian. My nephew and his wife, with myself, are heartbroken over the loss of our pet.

"Oh, but what words can there be to express our gratitude to you and all at Angell Memorial? You asked no questions, you gave your all—not for wealthy people—not for an expensive thoroughbred, but for a poor, plain, little cat, yet our pride and joy. May the God above you, Who alone can make such precious pets, bless you and all concerned at Angell Memorial and may these humble lines inspire you and everyone at Angell Memorial to continue your grand work for people like us."

*And this letter, also, gave us a lift.*

"Last December, I obtained a stray dog at the Angell Memorial for my son's Christmas present. I am writing to thank you and to say that we were most fortunate and obtained a wonderful little dog—well trained and good natured.

"My boy is tickled with his new friend and our dog is already one of the family. In honor of the season, we named him Holly. On Christmas day we visited two different homes and took Holly with us, and our friends couldn't get over what a wonderful dog we had. She seemed to fit right in, went to sleep in front of the fireplace.

"Thank you again for our good fortune and the exceptional courtesy extended by your staff."



*Mrs. Eveleth R. Todd, daughter of Mrs. Hatheway, and Dr. Hansen stand in silent tribute.*

## Dedication of New Ward

**W**ARD I, which has been completely renovated with fifty-one new cages, all of formica and stainless steel and new accessories for caring and medicating animal patients is now known as the Louise Ayer Hatheway Ward, honoring the memory of Mrs. Conrad P. Hatheway whose devoted interest in our Society and, indeed, in the welfare of animals everywhere makes this tribute eminently fitting.

At the recent dedication exercises of the new ward, Mrs. Hatheway's daughter, Mrs. Eveleth R. Todd, unveiled the bronze plaque affixed beside the doorway. The inscription on the plaque reads: "This ward dedicated in memory

of Louise Ayer Hatheway for her deep interest, generosity, and a lifetime devoted to the welfare of animals."

Present at the dedication, in addition to members of the staffs of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, were Mr. and Mrs. Eveleth R. Todd, daughter and son-in-law of the late Mrs. Hatheway, James E. Carroll and Charles B. Carroll, executors of the Hatheway estate, Miss Thyra Dahl, personal nurse to Mrs. Hatheway for many years, and Duncan G. Chapman, superintendent of Drumlin Farm, South Lincoln, Mass., estate of Mrs. Hatheway, by whom he was employed for more than 50 years.



*(Left to right, standing) Dr. David L. Coffin, James E. Carroll, Eveleth R. Todd, Mrs. Eveleth R. Todd, William A. Swallow, Miss Thyra Dahl, Herman N. Dean, John C. Macfarlane, Dr. Eric H. Hansen, Joseph P. Mooney, Dr. C. Lawrence Blakely. (Front row) Dr. Todd O. Munson, Dr. Gerry B. Schnelle, Charles B. Carroll, Duncan G. Chapman and J. Robert Smith.*

# CHILDREN'S



Dear Dumb Animals,

I have a dog Toby who is nine and two cats, one is Pots Purrie who is two and Fuzzy who is eight months, and a rabbitt, Charlie Bunny, who is 2½ years old.

I am sending a picture of Pots helping cut Halloween pumpkins. I like your magazine.

Richard Arell (Age 11)

## My Dogs -- Lass and Laddie

By Amy E. Jensen

*Lass is my dog, and I love her so.  
She follows me wherever I go.  
I have had her since she was a pup,  
And now she has Laddie growing up.*

*My dogs are clever at doing tricks,  
Dance on their hind legs and balance sticks,  
Leap through a hoop when I hold it high,  
And other difficult feats they try.*

*Lapping my hands, they want so to tell  
That they, in their turn, love me as well.  
I give them good care in ev'ry way;  
With loyalty they try to repay.*

## Animals as Servants

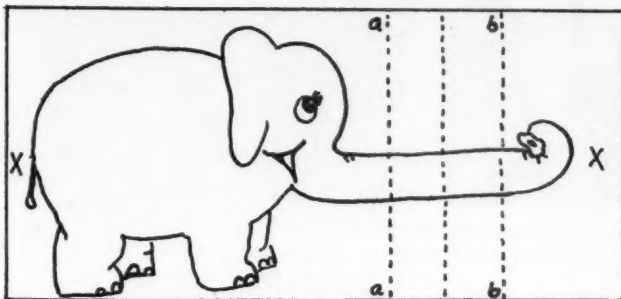
A Quiz by H. E. Zimmerman

1. What animals were preferred to horses by nations of antiquity because of their easier management, hardier nature, and less expensive keeping?
2. What animals take the place of horses in Hudson Bay Territory?
3. What breed of horses is most remarkable for fleetness and docility?
4. What animal takes the place of the horse among the Indians of Peru and Chili?
5. What members of the horse family, native to South Africa, are sometimes domesticated and used as draught animals?
6. In commemoration of what custom was the image of an ox stamped on the first metal coins of Greece?
7. What custom left its mark in the English word "pecuniary?"
8. What animal of the ox tribe is employed in Thebes and Central Asia in agriculture?
9. By 50 of what animals trained by the Greeks for war, is Corinth said to have been saved? These animals held the enemy off as they attempted to invade a sleeping garrison.
10. What animals were used by the inhabitants of Thrace to test the ice of the river?
11. What small carnivorous mammal of the genus *Lutra* has been trained to drive fish into a net, or even to catch them and bring them in its teeth to its master?
12. What animals of the cat family are trained in Arabia for hunting deer?
13. What small digitigrade animal has been trained to hunt rabbits and rats?
14. What tiny insects have been taught to draw miniature vehicles and go through military exercises?
15. What title was given to John Wood (naturalist) who was appointed by James I of England to be keeper of birds, emblems of gluttony imported from China, and trained by their masters to fish?
16. What species of bird in East Indies is kept to warm it's owner's hands in winter?
17. For what purpose is the eagle said to have been trained in Persia, Tartary and other parts of the East?
18. What draught animals are most valuable to men living in frozen latitudes?

ANSWERS

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

# PAGES



## A "Trick Elephant"

By Violet M. Roberts

THE "trick" elephant shown here can put on an act *almost* as good as a real elephant.

Fold the dotted lines from "a" to "b" and the elephant's trunk will be normal length. If you'd like to watch the elephant's trunk grow, pull at the points marked "x" while muttering, "Grow! Trunk, Grow!" Before you can say the second, "Grow," the elephant's trunk will have grown to nearly twice its original length.

Make a trick elephant for your friends by placing thin paper over the sketch and tracing the drawing on the paper. Be sure to include all the dotted lines.

## The Collie

By Stephen J. Matthews, Jr. (12)

*The Collie is funny, quite large in size,  
With a long pointed nose, gentle brown eyes.  
The Collie's coat is goldish brown and white,  
And is kept as clean as the bright sunlight.*

*The Collie is so graceful and so wise,  
A stately creature with heart-warming eyes.  
He rarely gets mad—you may give him a hug,  
The Collie whose coat is soft as a rug.*

ANSWERS: 1. Asses, 2. Dogs, 3. Arabian horses, 4. Llama, 5. Zebras and quaggas, 6. For a long period oxen were the favorite medium of exchange among the nations, 7. The custom of using cattle (Latin *Pecus*) for currency, 8. The Yak, 9. Dogs, 10. Foxes, 11. Otter, 12. Leopard, 13. Ferret, 14. Fleas, 15. "Master of Cormorants," 16. Chinese quail, 17. Catching small deer, hares and antelopes, 18. Reindeer, moose and wapiti.

ANSWERS TO SEPTEMBER PUZZLE: Across—2. bear, 3. cup, 5. ear, 8. IV, 9. pear, 10. ball, 13. me, 14. Ed. Down—1. key, 4. pie, 6. apple, 7. re, 11. A.M., 12. pen, 15. IX.

## Who's Goofy?

By Betty Behler (12)

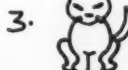
MY friend Ann has a cat name Goofy. One night when I was sleeping over at Ann's house, we decided to have a snack before we went to bed. For our snack we had cantaloupe. Goofy was in the room while we were eating. I was lying on my back in bed dropping the pieces into my mouth. I guess Goofy liked this idea, so when we gave him some of the cantaloupe, he ate on his back, too. I hope I didn't look as funny as he did!



across

down

1. ANCIENT.



6. BOY'S NAME - ABBV.



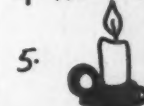
10. SEW.

11. YOU.

13. NOTE IN SCALE.



4. NOTE IN SCALE.



9. MORNING.

10. MYSELF.

12. FIFTY - ROM. NUM.

Answer to Puzzle Will Appear Next Month



## Well Earned Praise

*We appreciate the following article which appeared in the Northampton Hampshire Gazette—Editor.*

"Charles Marsh has resigned as S. P. C. A. agent for Hampden, Hampshire and Franklin counties after serving well since 1949, and now goes to the Oakland, Calif., S. P. C. A. where we wish him even greater success than he had here. A native of this city, his school and farm experience, and particularly his majoring in animal husbandry at University of Massachusetts helped greatly to fit him for the job.

"But an S. P. C. A. agent needs more than that, much more, in fact. He must have a real love of animals and a desire to help them in every way, particularly in guarding them as much as possible against cruelty which is still too common in this enlightened age.

"Agents cannot always detect, nor can they always convict, in their efforts to see the law observed, but they can do their best in the interests of common decency by man toward those who cannot speak for themselves'.

"We hope Mr. Marsh's successor can soon be named and we wish him success in his efforts to carry on where Mr. Marsh left off after six good years.

People in general, animal lovers in particular, greatly appreciate the work of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and its various branches, and there should be continued and increased support of the organization, especially on the part of animal owners."



*Scampa, beloved pet of a good friend of our Society, Miss Edith May Shepard.*



*(Left to right) Dr. Gerry P. Schnelle, Dr. Eric H. Hansen, S. C. Luce, Jr., Miss Katharine Cornell, Dr. William D. Jones, Henry B. Hough, and J. Robert Smith.*

## Foote Memorial Dedicated

**I**T was a beautiful day on Martha's Vineyard when Miss Katharine Cornell unveiled the tablet erected in honor of Miss Katharine M. Foote, founder of the Martha's Vineyard Branch of our Society.

Some fifty friends of Miss Foote were gathered to do her honor and take part in the exercises. President Eric H. Hansen, who was accompanied by Dr. Gerry B. Schnelle and J. Robert Smith, addressed those present and introduced the speakers.

First, as we have said, Miss Cornell spoke a few well chosen words as she unveiled the plaque revealing the inscription, "In memory of Katharine M. Foote, 1861-1955, Island Humanitarian and founder of Martha's Vineyard Branch of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A."

Then came Henry B. Hough, who referred to Miss Foote's fortitude and gallantry; and Mrs. William M. Butler, who saluted that gallant soul and good friend; and S. C. Luce, Jr., chairman of the board of county commissioners, who expressed the appreciation of the county for Miss Foote's many services.

Dr. Howard C. Whitcomb, pastor of the Baptist Church, spoke in part:

"How all important it is in the interest of living full and significant lives, that we make articulate our individual selfhood in the world of living things out-

side the self. As we relate our energies, our insight, sympathy, and resources to a need found outside of self, even in the care of the lowliest of God's creatures, life takes on a wholeness, and we find our place in that noble fellowship of men and women who have realized the joy of living not to be ministered unto but to minister. Of such was Katharine Foote."



*Miss Katharine Cornell pins a flower on Dr. Hansen in front of the memorial plaque.*



**WIRTHMORE**  
**DOG**  
**FOOD**  
 • NEW TASTE APPEAL  
 • NEW FORMULA

**CHAS. M. COX CO.**  
 ESTABLISHED 1886  
 177 MILK ST., BOSTON, MASS.  
 Write for location of your nearest dealer.

**RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN  
 THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.**

OR THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY			
Life	\$500.00	Asso. Annual	\$10.00
Sustaining Annual	100.00	Active Annual	5.00
Supporting Annual	50.00	Annual	1.00
Contributing Annual	25.00	Children's	1.00

**New!**

**UP-TO-DATE** materials for teachers, Junior Humane Society leaders, Scout leaders, or youth programs in camp, club or home need not be expensive. Your humane society's library should have these basic aids:

1. Dr. William G. Vinal's book, **NATURE RECREATION** is full of good humane philosophy with regard to the out-of-doors, as well as program ideas, and sources for further free or inexpensive materials. (P. S. It makes a nice Xmas gift, too.)
2. Our **CARE OF THE CAT** filmstrip will cover the needs of classrooms, Junior Humane Society programs or Scout merit badge study. A 35 mm. black-and-white filmstrip of 28 frames, it comes complete with instruction manual and script.

These are excellent materials at really low prices. Use the accompanying coupon to order now. Supplies are limited, so "first come, first served."

May we remind you? It's time to order your

## Christmas Gift Subscriptions

(12 sparkling issues for only \$1.50 per year)

Take advantage of our 33 1/3% Quantity Discount!  
 Five or more subscriptions ordered at one time are only \$1.00 each, per year.

It's the easy way to do your Christmas gift shopping  
 — saves Time, Effort, and Money  
 — is sure to please all ages.

Send your check or money order NOW to

**OUR DUMB ANIMALS, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.**

Since 1832

**J. S. WATERMAN & SONS, Inc.**

**Funeral Service**

Local—Suburban—Distant

**THIS SPACE  
 CONTRIBUTED**

### TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of..... dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.

**New!**

**New!**

**AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY**  
 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

Please send to me at the address below:

..... copies of the book  
**NATURE RECREATION @ \$3.50 each — \$.....**

..... copies of the filmstrip  
**CARE OF THE CAT @ \$2.00 each — \$.....**  
 (with manual)

In payment of the above, I enclose a check or M.O. for \$.....

PLEASE PRINT OR TYPE

My Name .....

Street .....

City & State .....

# Calendar of Animals

Another first in gift calendars

TEN FOR  
\$1.00



OUR new calendar for 1956 is composed of twelve different full-color animal photographs. The cover, shown at the left, but in full color, is a beautiful and appealing greeting card, making the whole a combination gift and greeting which will remind its recipient of you every day and month of the year. Size  $4\frac{3}{4}'' \times 6\frac{1}{4}''$ —perfect for every use.

## Calendar Prices

(Boxed in lots of ten calendars and ten envelopes)  
Sold only in lots of 10 at \$1.00 per box.  
10% discount on orders of 1,000 and over.

## Imprint Costs

For an extra charge of \$3.00 for the first hundred and \$1.00 for each additional hundred (or fraction thereof) a two-line imprint of your name and address or name and greeting will be printed on each calendar. No orders for imprints can be accepted after October 15 and none for less than 100 copies for each imprint.

*Imprinted calendars will not be boxed.*

## Animal Protection Societies

The following discounts allowed only to societies working in the interest of animal protection. Orders must be written on the society's letterhead and be for society use, not for the use of individuals associated with it. Discounts are not applicable to cumulative orders. Each order must be of amount in itself to warrant discount.

- 10% discount on orders from 100 to 1,000
- 15% discount on orders from 1,010 to 3,000
- 20% discount on orders from 3,010 to 5,000
- 25% discount on orders from 5,010 to 12,000
- 30% discount on orders from 12,010 up.

WE CANNOT GUARANTEE DELIVERY FOR CHRISTMAS MAILING ON ORDERS RECEIVED AFTER NOVEMBER 1, 1955. PLEASE ORDER EARLY

MASSACHUSETTS S.P.C.A., 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

ORDER FOR "CALENDAR OF ANIMALS"

I enclose my check for \$..... Please send ..... calendars to:

NAME .....

STREET .....

CITY & STATE .....

WORDING FOR IMPRINT, IF DESIRED .....





e

lass.

o:

